

Allan Taylor

"Notes From Paris"

Visit "[Notes From Paris](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I can still hear him playing, April in Paris
Dexter's blowing his horn
It's a used up tune for a faded moon
And played for the memory of something that's gone

Plays like a lover, who's holding a dream
When he knows that the dream won't last
He's going down slow, but he's scared to let go
Deep down he knows, the dreaming has passed

One hit of cocaine, one hit of horse
He'll take what's on offer today
It's a losers refrain to come back again
That thin line of snow to blow you away

He says "Buy me a vin rouge, buy me a beer
As he sits in The Blue Note Cafe
He's ending his days in a purple haze
As pink and blue neon drag night into day

And the dancers have left the floor
And the last of the late night drinkers are out of the
door
The old man's hung up his horn
He's playing no more

It's not for the money, it's not for the fame
It's for something that sings through it all
When the music rings true, your soul comes through
And that's what you do, 'til you hear the last chord

They say we go out, the way we came in
It's how we played it that marks out the man
If we can leave a trace of beauty and grace
Then it wasn't for nothing, just part of the plan

And the dancers have left the floor
And the last of the late night drinkers are out of the
door
The old man's hung up his horn
He's playing no more

Visit [Allan Taylor](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.